

JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1851.

VOL. 11.

No. 36.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cents, per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor. Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The Charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers. All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and others. Bunks, Phosphors, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE
Jeffersonian Republican.

The Sounds of Industry.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill
The clattering of the turning-lathe;
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout;
As he spurs his stock along;
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him to the town;
The halloo from the tree top,
As the ripening fruit comes down.

The busy sound of thrashers,
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the husker's joke, and mirth, and glee,
'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life,
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife;
Not that toil and strife that fainteth,
And murreth on the way—
Not the toil and strife that groaneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

O! there is a good in labor,
If we labor but aright;
That gives vigor to the day-time,
And a sweeter sleep at night,
A good that bringeth pleasure,
Even to the toiling hours;
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

How to Have Good Neighbors.

'So you have bought the pleasant farm where Mr. Dalton used to live?' said Mrs. Emery to Mrs. Austin. It is a pretty place, but, after all, I shall not envy you—for there will be the Watsons under your elbow, and worse neighbors you never found. Watson, you know, spends all he can get for liquor, and his wife is little better than himself; indeed, some say if she was the woman she should be, her husband would be a better man. And their children—the pests of the neighborhood, brought up to idleness and mischief—they bid fair to perpetuate their parents' character.'

'Poor Children!' said Mrs. A., mournfully—'what better can you expect of them, than that they perpetuate their parents' characters, except there be redeeming influences cast around them? Their poor mother has much to harden her heart. She was an orphan cast out on the world in infancy. Her heart never unfolded the buds of its affection beneath the genial smiles of parental love.—Everything in her that was good, was checked by the evil influences which surrounded her. How can we expect one to be good and kind, who never knew what kindness was herself? We do not know, Mrs. Emery, what we should be, if our fate had been like her's.'

'True—true,' replied Mrs. E.; 'but it does seem as if she might know enough to let her neighbors' property alone; but, you know, they say she will steal.'

'She does not know that she should not steal. But you and I ought to thank Heaven that, strong as we think our principles to be, they have not been tried by temptations such as her's. We do not know what it is to be hungry and cold, and see our little ones shivering around us, crying for bread, while our neighbors have enough, and to spare.'

'Very well,' said Mrs. Emery, rather indignantly; 'we shall see how you like to have your clothes-line and your fruit-trees robbed now-and-then.'

'That will be very unpleasant, if it occurs,

was the quiet reply; 'but I believe society is guilty of a great deal of the mischief it suffers from such persons. They are educated in poverty and vice; no smiles of love fall on their cheerless childhood; no kind voice warns them of the evils which surround their path; no kind hand is extended to raise them up when falling; but they are often repelled with aversion and contempt by those who profess to be Christians and Philanthropists.'

'You have singular notions, Mrs. Austin,' rejoined her friend. 'For myself, I confess, I cannot help feeling an aversion to such people, and wish them as far off as possible.'

'We never bad neighbors,' said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully; 'if this family cannot be improved, it may be very unpleasant living by them.'

A few days after the above conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took possession of their new home. They were humble, unpretending people, but they were Christians, and they had learned to believe it their duty to imitate the example of their Master. They were not among those whose sympathies were inactive, when excited by miseries which pass before their eyes.

They had entered upon a sphere which was to give trial to their patience, and an opportunity for the exercise to their Christian benevolence. As soon as they were settled, Mrs. Austin called upon the Watsons. It was not without a feeling of loathing that she entered that ruinous hovel; but she was resolved to get acquainted with them, and, if possible, to do them good. The children—poor, little, dirty, half-naked things—ran away to hide, when she entered; and Mrs. Watson, with a look of surprise, arose and offered her a broken chair.

'We have just come into the place,' said she; 'and as I am anxious to become acquainted with my neighbors, I have taken the liberty to call.'

'I am much obliged,' said Mrs. Watson.—'People seldom take so much notice of us.'

Mrs. Austin inquired kindly respecting her health, and found that the poor woman was far from being well. The children began to creep around. She displayed a handful of apples which she took from her pocket, and they soon gathered around her. She gave each an apple, and patted their curly heads, with kind and gentle words. The little creatures looked wildly at her, as if unable to comprehend the cause of such unwonted kindness.

When the kind lady arose to depart, she asked Mrs. Watson to let Mary—a child of seven years—accompany her home, that she might send her some medicines.

The child sprang forward with a cry of pleasure, and, placing her hand in that of Mrs. Austin, looked up affectionately in her face; then starting back, she looked at her mother, who, she remembered, had not given her consent. Mrs. W. told Mary she might go, but promised her a whipping if she was not back soon.

Mrs. Austin took the child and departed.—It was a cold day in November—and the wind fluttered poor Mary's frock, and blew the tangled curls from her naked brow.—Mrs. Austin tied her handkerchief over the child's head. 'Are your feet cold?' she asked, as she looked down, and saw that she had no shoes on.

'Yes, ma'ma,' said Mary; 'but mother says we shall get no shoes this winter, for father spends all he can get for drink.'

They reached home, and Mrs. A. found she had a pair of shoes and a shawl for little Mary, and some medicine for her mother.

The child had never been so happy before as she was when she tripped home that night. She was not only delighted with the presents which she had received, but the kind words and kind looks of her friend had fallen like sunshine upon her heart.

When Mr. Austin came home, his wife informed him of the call she had made.

'The situation of the family is truly deplorable,' she added; 'is there nothing that we can do for them?'

'Indeed I do not know,' replied her husband.

'If there is, I doubt not you will think of it.'

'Watson is terribly besotted; I met him to-night, reeling home, probably to abuse his family; and yet they say, when he is sober, he is a kind-hearted, peaceable man.'

'He has a good trade; and if he could be prevailed upon to work without drinking, he could support his family well. His poor wife seems indolent and hopeless; but, if she could see the prospects of better days, she would no doubt do better.'

'To be sure,' replied Mr. Austin, thoughtfully, 'he has a good trade, and was once considered the best workman in town; but he has become so intemperate, that none will employ him. I don't know what supports his family; they must often be in wretched destitution.'

'Wretched destitution indeed!' exclaimed his wife. 'And now I think how we may help them. You know we want some one to

work on the house immediately. Employ him—and perhaps by keeping him out of the way of temptation, and giving proper encouragement, we may induce him to break off his brutal habits.'

'That is a good idea, Jane, and I will see him to-morrow, and try to engage him.'

The next morning the Watsons were not a little surprised to see Mr. Austin enter their dwelling. His heart grew sick at the prospect of sin and misery around him. The shivering children were eagerly pressing round a table on which there was no food except a few potatoes. The father was standing at a shelf preparing his morning potatoes; and Mrs. W., with uncombed hair and dirty face, stood in a menacing attitude, upbraiding him with loud and angry words.

'Good morning, Mr. Watson,' said he.

'Good morning, sir,' replied the poor man, with a hiccough. 'I don't feel well this morning, and was about to take some bitters.'

'Don't take them—they will do you no good—and I want to talk with you about business.'

Watson looked at him with surprise, and then pushing the glass from him, seated himself to hear what he had to say.

'I wish to hire you to work on my house,' continued Mr. A. 'We have several unfinished rooms, and if you will come, I will pay you at Mr. Frost's store, where you can obtain groceries and clothes for your family.'

There was something so different in the kind manner of Mr. Austin, from the rude contempt with which he was usually treated, that he felt his heart expand—he again was a man among men.

The bargain was closed—and the next morning, true to his promise, Watson came to his work. He commenced, but his hand was unsteady, and his manner restless. Mr. Austin noticed it, and kept him engaged in cheerful conversation. Before noon he asked for cider. He was told he could have none; but Mr. Austin sent him a mug of hot ginger beer, which he drank eagerly, for his thirst was intense. He kept at his work, but evidently suffered much for the want of his accustomed stimulants.

When night came, Mr. A. took him to the store, and paid for his work in some articles necessary for his family; and, with a kind and encouraging word, bade him good night. When he got home, and exhibited a large salt fish and a bag of flour, the children shouted for joy. It takes but little to make children happy. Alas, that that little should be denied them! Mrs. Watson's face wore an expression of pleasure quite unusual to her, while she went to prepare supper.

A tear came into the father's eye as he looked upon his half-naked children, and witnessed the joy which one day's labor had conferred on them. He placed Mary upon his knees, and kissed her cheek with parental kindness. His passions had been checked, his better nature was aroused, and he sat thoughtful and silent during the evening.—His past life came up before him. He remembered his own neglected and hopeless childhood—for he was a drunkard's child.—He saw that the evil habits which he then contracted were working the ruin of himself and family; and the question came home to his heart whether he should entail a like curse on his posterity, and make the little ones around him outcasts from society like himself. He resolved that for once, at least, he would not drink. He lay down on his pillow that night with a feeling of satisfaction that he had not experienced for years.

The next day Mrs. Austin sent for little Mary to come and spend the day with her, and take care of the babe. Poor little Mary, she was not pretty! How could she be, with that cold, hungry look, and those dirty rags about her! She was not good, for she had seen nothing but evil all her days. The air she breathed in the cradle was polluted with the breath of drunkenness and blasphemy; yet to Mrs. Austin she was an interesting child, for she was gentle and affectionate; and her little stunted-up heart seemed to open and expand, when a smile of love fell on it, as the convolvulus unfolds its blossoms to the rays of the rising sun.

Mrs. Austin washed her face and combed her hair. She had pretty yellow curls, and a very fair complexion—and the kind lady putting on her a clean apron, thought her really beautiful! The woe-begone expression had vanished from her pale face, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. She seemed for the first time to enjoy that buoyancy of spirit which belongs to childhood. All day long she was as busy as a bee; and when night came, and her father's work was done, she went to Mrs. Austin to have the apron taken off.

'Would you like to keep it?' asked the lady. 'Oh, yes, ma'ma,' replied the child, a tear coming in her eye. 'I should like to keep it very much, but it is not mine.'

'You may keep it, then, dear, and be sure it is kept clean.'

Sweet and happy were her thoughts that night, as she tripped home by her father's side; and when she lay down on her lone bed, a princess might have en-

vied her the beautiful dreams that filled her little head. Thus day after day passed. The work on Mr. Austin's house went on, and no less visible was the transformation that was taken place among the Watsons. The children were soon comfortable clad; they prattled all day of 'good Mr. and Mrs. Austin'; and when their father returned from his work at night, they would all run to welcome him with their kisses, and tell him of their happiness. The heart of the poor drunkard was softened and strengthened—his resolution was taken—and each day's labor and joy confirmed him in his new life. His wife was now all cheerfulness and love, and rapidly regained her health. Their home soon became as neat and tidy as that of any of their neighbors; and where before dwelt only poverty and wretchedness, now plenty and pleasure prevailed.

Mr. Austin continued to employ his neighbor until he heard of a person who required assistance in his business. Mr. A. recommended Watson as a good workman, and as a man whom he believed was wholly reformed. The builder was satisfied, and offered to employ him for several months.

The offer was received with joy, and the reformed inebriate was again placed under circumstances favorable to his good purpose; and, not long after, he was induced to join a temperance society—of which he has ever since been a respectable member.

A year has passed away since the commencement of our story, and Mrs. Emery came one day to visit her friend, Mrs. Austin. In the course of the afternoon, a well dressed and decent-looking woman came in, leading a little child. Great was the surprise of Mrs. Emery, on being introduced to this woman, to find that she was no other than Mrs. Watson.—When she arose to depart, Mrs. Austin said, 'If you can spare little Mary, I wish you would send her here this afternoon: I want her to help me.'

'Yes, indeed, ma'ma,' was the reply; 'Mary shall come, for she is never so happy as when she is here.'

When she had returned, Mrs. Austin said to her friend—

'You remember your fears that we should have a great deal of trouble with these Watsons; but there is not a family in the neighborhood who have afforded us more pleasure.'

'This is strange, indeed! Mrs. Watson so changed, that I did not recognize her! I am sure I should have known her in her former rags and dirt!'

'The whole family are changed, since Watson left off drinking. They are industrious and honest as any people among us; but you will soon see little Mary, who is a most lovely child.'

'But tell me what has brought this mighty change to pass? Are you the magician whose magic wand has brought about this great revolution?'

'I believe there has been no magic employed,' said Mrs. Austin smiling. 'We have given them little except kind words and a good deal of kind advice.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Emery, 'you never had bad neighbors, and I don't believe you ever will have, if you have made good neighbors of the Watsons.'

Luck and no Luck;

OR, THE MERCHANT AND FARMER.

'Good morning, friend hoehandle.' 'Ah! Yardstick, I am glad to see you.—Come out to smell the fresh air and hear the birds sing, I suppose! Well, I am glad to see you; walk in the house Mrs. Hoehandle will be most happy to see a city friend; that is if you do not quiz our style of living. We plain country folks are not quite up to fashion; and it is well we are not, for we could not afford it if we were. Ah! Yardstick, you are a lucky dog—here we are about fifty years old, each of us, and—'

'Good gracious! Hoehandle. Why, what can you mean? Why, I am but forty, or say a trifle over, and quite young looking—so they say—at that.'

'Ha! ha! ha! Yardstick, it won't do. Still playing the beaux, I see, but no matter. As I was saying, here we are. You a rich merchant, never did any work in your life, and I, a poor farmer, worked hard all my days—boys together—started on nothing—everything in luck, everything in luck.'

'Well, well, Hoehandle, you are a modest man, I won't yet go into an argument with you on our comparative positions in the world; that is, I will get through another matter first. I want a thousand dollars for thirty days, if you have it over.'

'Have it over!—over that, Yardstick?'

'I mean, friend Hoehandle, that if you are not short, I should like to—the fact is, I am out on a shining expedition, and must raise some money.'

'Ah! I see, have it over—short—shining—means that you want to borrow, and that I must lend you—all right, sir I have it, I have it, and Yardstick, I am proud to be able to lend you. What a thousand—well hold, let us go through the matter now, before my good wife comes in; these women always want to know all that's going on, and she will inquire if I am indebted to you. Indeb-

ted, ha! ha! she would be astonished if John Hoehandle should owe a man a thousand dollars—hillo! Don't sigh so man! what's the matter? Pay, Tape, Yardstick and Co.—There you are, sir, here is the check.'

'Thank you, Hoehandle, here is our note; had it ready before we left home, kneey you would oblige me.'

'As I was observing, Yardstick, you city merchants do have an easy time of it. Go to New York, buy your stock, sell at a profit, buy again, sell again, roll up your hundred thousands in a few years; and poor John Hoehandle works like a slave six months out of twelve, up in the morning at daylight, and works at least four hours before dinner, and sometimes two after dinner, and in harvest time from sunrise to sun set. Yes sir, it is a fact, and what have we to show for it? Why, after thirty years' toil, sir, I have only this farm of three hundred acres, worth, perhaps, thirty dollars an acre, and perhaps a little bank stock, purchased with its yearly profits.'

'And pray, my good friend, what have you averaged per year, clear profits, over all expenditures, for all this terrible labor for thirty years?'

'Not over two thousand dollars a year, Yardstick, while you make ten.'

Let me see, farm worth nine thousand—thirty years' profit—sixty-nine thousand, and a large yearly income beside; poor fellow—why you are to be pitied.'

'I know it, I know it—all in luck, all in luck. Ah, if I had only been a merchant.'

'Let me ask Hoehandle, your products are all sold for cash down, I think. Never credit out do you?'

'Credit? What, credit grain, wheat? credit my wool? Credit my live stock? Excuse me, ha! ha! You do not know what farming is, I see. O, no sir, our produce is cash. All we raise is cash at the door. Why, I am plagued to death by produce buyers and purchasers of live stock, wool buyers, and all the rest of them, who will gladly advance me eighty per cent, on my produce here, and pay me the other twenty in thirty days. Credit! I do not know the word sir. I don't use it. But Yardstick, they tell me you are getting rich.'

'Hoehandle, how will you exchange property with me, unsight, unseen, as the boys say; you know how—how I stand—do you Hoehandle?'

'Stand, yes sir; why the firm of Tape, Yardstick & Co., are good for two hundred thousand at any moment. They say that you sold that amount last year alone.'

'True, so we did, on paper, and we are worth something handsome, too, on paper; but sir, we cannot feed ourselves on paper, nor build houses with paper.'

'Well, well, I see—all gammon, you dog you. You are rich, you know you are. I am sorry that thirty-five years ago, I did not make myself a dry goods clerk; but here I am, toiling, year after year, and show but little for it, while you sit at your desk and count up your weekly receipts as they rain down—yes, fairly rain down upon you. Ah me, nothing but a farmer, and not worth much at that. Yardstick, I'll give my farm and the balance of my property, for your share in your firm. For all your property, at a venture, there.'

'My good friend, you are really envious of my luck as you call it; be frank now are you?'

'Yes, I am, Yardstick. I can't help it.—Here, it is only dig—dig—dig. I want, before I die, to be a merchant.'

'And before I die, I want to be a farmer; so if we do not exchange property, mind you my good friend, it will be your own fault—Nay don't stare so.'

'What! what! Yardstick, you astonish me. You want to be a farmer ha! ha! a man good for a hundred thousand before he dies, in a splendid business, rolling up his pile, to throw away his prospects and take hold of the dirty plow-handle—good joke, ha! ha! You take my offer then, do you?'

'Hoehandle, my friend, a sober word or two with you. I have done business thirty years. Have sold millions of dollars worth of goods. Have made and lost much money. Have credited large stocks of goods out, which I myself bought on credit, and have stood year after year, over the brink of a pent-up volcano, expecting that those who owed me would explode and blow me into atoms.—Sleepless nights—weariness. Headaches and heartaches. Constant fear that I could not keep my chin above water. Obligated to raise money at high, exorbitant rates of interest, to take up my paper with, because my debtors were so long winded in their payments to me. Stocks depreciating in value. Fashions changing. Dishonest clerks speculating from my money drawer. Ah, my friend I do not wonder you stare with astonishment. Let me hear you laugh, it has a charm for me. Sunshine sir! a merchant's heart, if he cares for his reputation and his credit, which he embarked in such a hazardous business as a wholesaler, has no sunshine. He don't know the feeling, sir. Care, corroding care eats up his heart; weighs him down; turns day into

night; he can't shake it off, it is a horrible nightmare. He goes to New York, sir; he buys fifty thousand dollars worth of goods on time and gives notes. Of these bank notes—fearful words to a man who has a credit at stake, and relies upon his customers to pay their notes by which he may be able to meet his own. See him sir, fairly embarked like a ship at sea, and this ship is surrounded on all sides by huge icebergs, perfect mountains—no chance of escape; by and bye he sees they are coming down upon him; he is hemmed in; slowly and quietly those huge piles advance, steadily they come; the ship will surely be crushed. Aye, not a chip left of her—down they come. Hold! a little blue sky is seen, she escapes, she gets into the sea once more.

'The ship is like the merchant; the mountains of ice, the bank notes, the bills payable; the blue sky, the bills receivable. But sometimes the bills receivable are not met, and the ship crushed to atoms.'

'How do you like the picture my friend? So much for a merchant's life. We are not what we seem. Our extensive business is all on paper—mere trash; the great noise we make is produced from the emptiness of our pretensions. Now, sir, will you take your place at the desk, and let the cash rain down upon you? Nay, you are too sensible a man. Stick to the farm; you are a lord—aye, a king; independent; owing no man, while the poor merchant must cringe and fawn upon banks and money lenders. Yes, sir go down on his knees to get money to save his credit. Sir, producers can say we ask nothing of the banks, nothing of the merchants; both ask everything that constitutes the whole of life's comforts from us. Give me now your property for mine, with my kind of life with it! Nay, when I tell you that one disastrous year with the kind of business I am doing, would sweep away all I am worth—will you exchange situations with me?'

'Friend Yardstick, I thank you; but what a picture you have set before me. I'll never despise the old farmer again, never. Let us join Mrs. Hoehandle in the dining room, and as we take a quiet lunch, with a thankful heart, we will drink, in a glass of domestic catwba, this toast: 'The farmer, the luckiest man on earth.'

Perhaps the above may be a fair specimen of the groundlessness of discontent, and of its prevalence among all classes.

This false view of others extends through all classes of society, very often leading the young, especially, into pursuits for which they are not, and never can be fitted. The farmer's or mechanic's son wishes he was a clerk, or a student at law, or of medicine; the student and clerk think they are too much confined, and frequently wish they were in the place of the farmer's son—the lawyer thinks the editor is making money and the editor thinks the lawyer is—the farmer's wife thinks the wife of the merchant or of the professional men look upon the farmer's wife as mistress of creation—the girl that works at housework wishes she was a milliner, or tailoress, and the milliner and tailoress wish they were school teachers, and the school teacher thinks she is a perfect slave, and longs for some other situation. Thus the world acts as if it was all out of place because each person forms a false estimate of the happiness of others. And as we said in the start, a large share of uneasiness and fault finding of the world is occasioned by trusting in appearances.

In the above case the farmer and the merchant found fault with their own situations, because each had been led into error in relation to the condition of the other. Be content with your lot, and don't judge from appearances.

New Board Fence.

A new mode of constructing fences has been invented by Mr. J. Berdan, of Plymouth, Michigan, the principal features of which are not a little novel. By his plan, a good substantial and economical fence can be constructed of boards without posts. The boards for the construction of this fence have notches cut in them near their ends, and they are locked together in such a manner as to form a worm or zig zag fence. The boards are supported in the middle by stakes passing down each side and secured together by clamps drawn together by a wedge. A brace or rider passes between the stakes resting upon the clamps, thus adding to the height and strength of the fence. The inventor has taken measures to secure a patent.—Scientific American.

Cold and (H)airy.—The Day Book is guilty of the following arithmetical piece of wickedness:

'If twenty-seven inches of snow gives three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on ruta-baga turnips?'

'Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs on the cow's tail; then divide the product by the turnip; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.'

A woman was giving evidence in a case when she was asked by the lawyer—

'Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?'

'Was she what?'

'Virtuous! was she chaste?'

'Chaste? yes—she was chased about a quarter of a mile.'